

LOVE'S SILENCE.
Of all the words that bear their part,
In all the days of day to day,
One word is chiefly in my heart,
One little word I must not say.
The hills of truth are straight and steep
They have a smart in every stone;
And climbing them I needs must weep
To think that love must die unknown.
Night follows day—day chases night,
And brings a lesson strange to teach;
That love is lifeless in the light,
And silence is the fullest speech.
—Walter H. Pollock, in Longman's.

MR. SPINDLE'S TRIP WEST.

BY FRANK J. MARTIN.

The gaunt figure of Major Scentpenny was familiar to the citizens of Middlefield. For reasons best known to himself he had a great antipathy to labor—either mental or physical. His external labors bothered him little so long as, internally, there were no unsatisfied demands. His thoughts were allowed to wander with the vagrant winds—for Major Scentpenny was a dreamer. From a lack of practical engagement his mind, such as it was—contented itself with all conceived visions of future wealth. He was in the habit of making periodical visits to several houses, so that when he was seen approaching Mrs. Proudman's home, early in the evening of a balmy May day, no attention was paid to the fact. This Major, so it was currently rumored, was entered in the lists as a wooer of the buxom widow.

His usual tranquility was disturbed by the prospect of a realization of his fondest hopes. Nor was he alone with the fantasy of wealth, for, at that particular time, a score of worthy citizens of Middlefield were greatly agitated. The commotion was caused by a blue-eyed man of great suavity, who introduced himself as the Second Vice-President of the "Gold Trust Mining Company of Colorado," and who intimated that his shattered health required that he recuperate in Middlefield, and in no other locality.

The Second Vice-President, Mr. Sharpfile, to use his own phrase, had "an easy picking of it," when he exhibited, at the urgent request of ten prominent citizens, the samples of ore he carried, as he said, for his own amusement. Some were bold enough to express a desire to become stockholders in the company, and had the funds at hand to back their ambitions. Others made efforts to realize money on their possessions so as to be let in.

Mr. Sharpfile offered no encouragement at first, but finally, after a great pressure had been brought to bear upon him, communicated with the general office of his company and inquired if there was any stock for sale. The answer came that there were a few shares left at \$1.10.

Mr. Sharpfile secretly informed each prospective stakeholder that he was the lucky one and could have a few shares on condition that he would promise never to divulge the fact. In the midst of his secret sales of stock he never forgot the fact that Mrs. Proudman had ten thousand in the bank, and was not at all anxious to invest it.

Major Scentpenny became greatly attached to the mining magnate and informed him that Mrs. Proudman was beginning to seriously consider the advisability of asking the Gold Trust Mining Company to allow her to become a stockholder. Mr. Sharpfile readily comprehended the situation, and, as a direct result of his schemes, the Major was now on his way to the widow's home to prevail upon her as a friend, to invest her money in the company.

Mrs. Proudman and her daughter, Eliza, had finished their household duties for the day and were knitting when the Major applied the polished brass knocker to the front door. He found a comfortable chair, an amiable widow and her sprightly daughter awaiting him. No sooner were the formalities at an end and he was ready to speak upon the subject nearest his heart when the knocker announced the arrival of another caller, who proved to be Adam Spindle, a pedagogue and rival of the Major for the hand of Mrs. Proudman.

Men in love, like generals in war, adopt seemingly curious plans of action. The Major and Mr. Spindle had their ideas as to how to win the widow. The former believed in concentrated effort, the latter in confusing advances and retreats.

After a few comments on ordinary topics, the Major found himself alone with the widow, Mr. Spindle and Eliza having gone to take a stroll in the moonlight. The Major approached the subject cautiously. He recounted the numerous instances where banks had failed, suggested that bad crops were frequent visitors, enlarged upon the necessity of making Eliza, the sweet child, a lady independent in every respect and worked himself up to the highest pitch when he expressed the hope that the declining years of his dear friend, Mrs. Proudman, would be blessed with elegance and ease. Then he brought on "The Gold Trust Co." in regal style. The Colorado press, including the Mountain Skipper, Slippery Press Signal and All-around Puncher, had published columns about the mines and their enormous outputs. The company was worth millions and, of course, stock was scarce. He was an intimate friend of Mr. Sharpfile and that gentleman would, in Mrs. Proudman's wish to procure it, as a prudent affair that a four thousand block would be at her option in the course of six weeks, but not before. Of course he was interested in her welfare as a friend, nothing more.

Mrs. Proudman had ambitions and listened attentively to all he said. His sincerity could not be doubted, and the investment, to all appearances, seemed to be a safe one. In truth, let it be stated that the Major was fully convinced of the absolute truth of all he uttered.

Mrs. Proudman, after thanking him for his efforts in her behalf, said that she would take the matter under consideration and, in all probability, would endeavor to secure the stock at the expiration of the six weeks.

This information so elated the Major that he could scarcely contain himself for joy, and uttering a few unintelligible words made his departure. He already fancied himself the husband of Mrs. Proudman, rolling in riches, four meals per day, and a spanking team of roadsters to engage his leisure moments. Shortly after he left the widow's home, Mr. Spindle and Eliza returned from their stroll. Eliza scolded away to her room and Mr. Spindle had the field to himself. Mrs. Proudman had great faith in him and took him into her confidence. Mr. Spindle was, to say the least, conservative and held mining companies in much the same light as he did Satan; but he listened attentively.

"Mrs. Proudman," said he after a long pause, during which he was working out a distance table in his mind, "I would advise you to go slow in the matter. Our friend, the Major, is visionary. I am going away in the morning, and will be absent at least five weeks. Do not purchase any stock in the Gold Trust Mining Company until you have heard from me."

"Where are you going?" inquired Mrs. Proudman anxiously.

"Do not press me now for an answer; simply await advice from me."

Mrs. Proudman agreed to this and early the next morning Mr. Spindle appeared at the railway station, and taking the ticket agent, an old friend, into his confidence, purchased a ticket to—(not even the agent could tell) and was miles from Middlefield before the gallant Major Scentpenny was astir.

The Gold Trust Mining Company's plant was located not many miles from Silverton, Col., away up a mountain above the timber line. A half dozen men, under the direction of the Superintendent, Mr. Poss, were engaged in digging into the mountain side. Vague rumors of rich finds in this mine were circulating in neighboring camps, and the statements of the men working the mine, as well as the elaborate articles that appeared from time to time in the mining journals created a great interest.

Bright and early one morning Mr. Poss noticed a man climbing the mountain. The stranger stopped when half way up, and seating himself on a boulder, lighted a cigar and began to read a book that he carried under his arm. Mr. Poss paid no heed to this until the following morning, when the stranger appeared at about the same time and repeated the ceremony. Morning after morning this individual climbed the mountain, each succeeding twenty-four hours finding him nearer the mine, until at last he found himself within a short distance of where Mr. Poss and his men were working.

The "visitor," as the men termed him, had a bad cough and evidently realized that his days were numbered. He excused himself for intruding and passed fragrant cigars around among the men, which act made him a welcome guest at the cabin where he took lunch with the miners.

One morning Mr. Poss ventured into a conversation with him, and learned that he was an invalid who had been ordered to spend the season among the mountains of Colorado. He was wealthy, disinterested in mining, and claimed the State of Maine as his home. Mr. Poss took kindly to him and gave him a complete history of the "Gold Trust Company," as an argument that any man with a small capital, some pluck and hardened conscience, could grow rich rapidly in the mining business.

In substance the history was this: The company had been organized by one Mr. Sharpfile and himself. Mr. Sharpfile was in the East selling stock on the strength of a lot of fine samples from the big mines of the State. He, Mr. Poss, worked the other end—the mines. They had located several mines, but were working one only. The ore was poor, but they had the mine "salted" in case any investors desired to inspect it. In the event of such an occurrence, rich ore would be found at every turn. Mr. Sharpfile was meeting with great success in disposing of his artistically designed stock certificates, and both would retire from the company in the course of a few weeks.

The stranger took a fit of coughing and excused himself for the balance of the day. He was missed on the following morning, and when a week elapsed and he did not appear, Mr. Poss concluded that the cough had finished him.

The following copies of telegrams received and answered by Mrs. Proudman and clipped from the Middlefield Banner, cover subsequent events quite fully:

SILVERTON, June 21, 12.—
To Mrs. Proudman, Middlefield, Vt.:
I have just obtained an admission from Sharpfile's partner that the Gold Trust Company is a wildcat scheme. I have been to see the mine and it is a humbug. I will not return to Middlefield unless my presence there is required.
SPINDLE.

MIDDLEFIELD, June 22, 12.—
To Mr. Spindle, Silverton, Col.:
Come at once. No mining stock for me. Your presence is desired.
MRS. PROUDMAN.

SILVERTON, June 23, 12.—
To Mrs. Proudman, Middlefield, Vt.:
What disposition, if any, has been made of our mutual friend, Major Scentpenny?
SPINDLE.

MIDDLEFIELD, June 24, 12.—
Mr. Spindle, Silverton, Col.:
The Major's name has been entered in the black book directly under that of Mr. Sharpfile. Come.
MRS. PROUDMAN.

Extract from the "Society Review" in the Middlefield Banner of August 24, 12:—

"Cards of invitation are out for the wedding of Mr. Adam Spindle and Mrs. Bertha Proudman, both well-known society leaders in this town. The happy couple will take up their residence at 'Knotty Knot,' the old home of the bride."

In an obscure corner of the same issue appeared the following:—

SILVERTON, Col., August 22 (Special).—The Gold Trust Mining Company suspended operations to-day. Investigation proves that it was a big swindle. Messrs. Sharpfile and Poss, the projectors of the scheme, have fled the country. Warrants are out for their arrest.

—Detroit Free Press.

Some Strange Fires.

On the night of March 21, 1876, about three hours after sunset, a monster bright light arose out of the Adriatic Sea and passed from east northeast to the west southwest, crossing over Italy in a vertical line about half-way between Rimini and Leghorn. Various estimates as to the height and size of the body were made. One scientist, with amazing exactness, declares that it was thirty-eight miles high at Leghorn. At all places near its course a hissing noise like that of a sky-rocket was plainly heard. At Leghorn the sound is said to have been "like that of a large cannon quickly dying away until it sounded much like a cart running over cobblestones." Estimates of its size seem to have been as wild as those respecting its height. Some accounts say it was as "large as a house," Le Car says that "it was a good half mile in circumference." John, who has written a very readable account of "the great meteor or strange fire of March 21, MDCLXXVI," estimates that it was "about one-half mile by the smaller diameter," which would surely make it a terrifying object to behold.

On Thursday, March 19, 1719, there appeared at London, about eight o'clock at night, a "sudden great light moving after the manner but more slowly than a falling star. It started from a point below Orion's Belt, then lying in the southwest, and went upwards instead of downwards like a falling star. Its size, according to the testimony of numerous observers in Spain, France, Ireland, Holland and some parts of Germany, as well as those who saw it in London and all over England, was about that of the full moon. It was of whitish color with an eye in the centre as blue as the most azure portion of a June sky after a thunder-storm. It went straight upwards in its course until out of sight, leaving a track of fiery red sparks in its wake.

A fire of a strange nature appeared in Wales in 1693. According to the most intelligible account concerning it now in existence, it came up from the sea near Harlech. At several places near that place and all over Merionethshire it did much damage, burning hay, houses, barns, etc. A person writing of it said: "The grass over which it moves kills all manner of cattle that feed upon it. [But what is most remarkable is that] any great noise, such as the beating of a drum or sounding of a horn, effectually repels it from any house."—St. Louis Republic.

Barnum's "Brick Man."

As an illustration of one of Barnum's ingenious methods of attracting attention to his museum may be mentioned the incident of the "Brick Man." One day a man applied for admission to Barnum, who was sitting in the ticket office. To the inquiry as to why he did not go to work, the mendicant replied that he would gladly do so at a dollar a day, if he could find employment. Barnum gave him twenty-five cents to get his breakfast, and told him to return and he would give him a dollar and a half a day and easy work. When the man returned, Barnum gave him five bricks, and told him to place one in front of the museum, another on the corner of Vesey street, a third at the corner of Fulton—on the St. Paul's Church side—and the fourth on the east corner of Fulton. Returning then to the museum, he was to take up the first brick and replace it with the fifth, and then continue his rounds, putting down one brick and taking up the other each time. He was enjoined to answer no questions, and to seem not to hear, and that at the end of each three-quarters of an hour he was to pass into the museum, look around at curiosities for fifteen minutes, and then resume his rounds with the brick. Barnum says that the man played his part to perfection, and his eccentric conduct caused a great crowd to gather about the museum. Many of these, of course, went into the museum to seek some explanation as to the purpose of the "Brick Man." This was kept up for several days, until the police requested his withdrawal, because such crowds lingered about the museum that traffic was interrupted.—Barber's Weekly.

Smokeless Powder is Powerful.

The Wetteren smokeless powder from Belgium has just been tested at the Springfield (Mass.) armory. Preliminary tests showed a velocity of nearly 1900 feet, with an initial pressure of 47,000 pounds, the charge, according to the capacity of the new rifle, being but thirty-five grains. The shell now in use in the United States army rifles permits of a charge of fifty-five grains of ordinary powder. Its highest velocity is 1400 feet, with a pressure of but 35,000 pounds. The increase of velocity obtained by the Wetteren powder largely increases the danger zone. The hardened lead and copper covering of the new ball also increases its penetration, the shot being effective at a distance of two and one-half miles. Tests with the magazine gun will take place early next month.—Boston Transcript.

A Home-Made Weather Glass.

Two articles only are required to construct this simple weather prophet. First a clean oil flask (such as olive oil comes in), and secondly a wide-mouthed fruit jar. Fill the jar to within two or three inches of the brim with soft water. Place the neck of the oil flask within the fruit jar. In fair weather the water in the neck of the flask will remain about half an inch above the bowl, but in stormy weather the water will rise gradually in the neck, and rain or snow may then be looked for. If the atmosphere be very heavy it will rise at times to the height of two or three inches in a few hours. The water needs no changing, and does it matter if the weather glass be kept out of doors or in, save that in freezing weather, of course, the glass would break.—Detroit Free Press.

Cookham for Berlin doctors are to wear white hats.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPES.

Experiments by an Italian physician indicate that tuberculosis of fowls is different from that of man, and is not transmitted to the latter.

A new stenographic machine in use by the Italian Parliament is capable of recording 250 words a minute, and can be readily manipulated by a blind person.

Some of the cottonwood telegraph poles used in Nevada chanced to be sunk in marshy places with the bark on. They have taken root, and display attractive foliage.

A passenger elevator to the summit of Mont Blanc—the shaft to have eight compartments, each six feet square, and each to carry a triple-decked elevator for 27 passengers—has been proposed by an American mining engineer.

The heat produced from the light of a firefly is only one per cent. of an equal amount of candle light. The bug's light is produced by a chemical action, as it is increased by putting the fly in oxygen and diminished in an atmosphere of nitrogen.

A lady who makes it her business to remove hair from women's faces has an establishment on Regent street, London. She employs electricity, and says it sometimes requires as many as twelve sittings to electrify a moustache out of existence.

An interesting fact just ascertained by government observers is that at the extremities of Long Island Sound the tide begins to flow inward near the bottom one and one-half hours before it begins to flow in the same direction at the surface of the water.

A year or two ago the great red spot on Jupiter, which has puzzled astronomers since 1837, was reported to be on the point of becoming invisible, but it also well defined as to be a very conspicuous object on a photograph of the planet lately taken at the Paris Observatory.

Ruby light for photographic purposes, in spite of all that has been said in favor of orange green, continues to hold its own in the dark room, although many who use it complain of its effect on their eyes. A remedy for this has been found in the introduction of a pane of ground glass between the lens and the ruby.

It is immovable, but it is like the diamond. Each of these is supposed to possess the power of a true eye. Lennenboeck counted 1,181 of them in the cornea of a beetle, and over 8,000 in that of a common horse-fly.

A Rome correspondent says it is proposed to convene an international conference some time next year to deal with the question of the meridian. The suggestion is to select Jerusalem instead of Greenwich or Paris as the meridian line. A proposal will also be made to fix a universal standard of time.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of \$100 for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1902.
A. W. GILKREATH, Notary Public.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

PAID UP.—There are times when money is a curse. Securus—Yea, for instance, when you haven't any.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Stomach Disorders, use Brown's Iron Bitters. The Best Tonic. It builds the system, cleans the blood and strengthens the muscles. A splendid tonic for weak and debilitated persons.

A carpenter in Jersey (so humane that he won't hang a door or drive a nail).

FTTC stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Kidney & Bladder Remedy. No fee after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$1 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 611 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The peach crop may fall, but the hen's never.

For impure or thin blood, Weakness, Malaria, Neuralgia, Indigestion and Biliousness, take Brown's Iron Bitters—it gives strength, making old persons feel young—and young persons stronger, pleasant to take.

When small people fall in love they increase their sighs.

Makes the Weak Strong

The way in which Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up people in run down or weakened state of health cannot be overestimated. It does not act like a stimulant, but it builds up the system, cleans the blood and strengthens the muscles. A splendid tonic for weak and debilitated persons.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by H. L. HOOD & CO., Apolonia, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Another Consumption Cure.

Dr. Koch's treatment for the cure of consumption is exciting the deepest interest throughout the civilized world, and is already being tried in the United States with hopeful results. It will be remembered that Doctor Koch, though a man of known scientific caution, is confident that, in its earlier stage, the disease can be cured by his method.

Meanwhile, and for several years, Doctor Roussel, of Paris, has been experimenting with another mode of treatment. Doctor Koch seeks to kill the microbes by destroying the material that feeds them. Doctor Roussel aims to kill the microbes directly. Both employ hypodermic injections. Koch uses a fluid peculiarly compounded. Roussel uses a well-known antiseptic eucalyptol, mixed with sterilized olive oil.

The eucalyptol is carried everywhere with the blood, reaching every tissue, and is finally eliminated by the lungs, kidneys and sweat-glands. It is believed by Dr. Roussel to be fatal to the microbe of consumption. The oil nourishes the system.

Doctor Roussel regards the usual consumptive symptoms—suppuration, expectoration, high temperature, and night sweats—as nature's efforts to get rid of the microbes, and holds that the remedy should not aim to check these symptoms, but to attack the microbes themselves. At the same time he does not lose sight of the fact that attention should be paid to general hygiene, ventilation, sunlight and sanitary clothing.

The more fully to test the efficacy of his treatment, he made no changes in the surroundings of his patients, or in their mode of life.

His method requires the injections to be continued several months, to make sure that the eucalyptol pervades every tissue of the body. One of the earliest patients treated was sent to him by the eminent Doctor Fauvel.

The patient's right lung was affected, and the expectorations contained numerous microbes of consumption. In one year the microbes had all disappeared, the man's weight had increased, and he was able to return to work. He has continued well for six years. Many physicians have examined the case.

In 1888 Doctor Roussel brought eighteen consumptives before the Society of Practical Medicine. A year later fifteen of the same persons were brought before the society again for re-examination. All appeared to be cured or greatly improved. In thirty other cases Doctor Roussel had similar examinations made by eminent experts, with similar results.—Youth's Companion.

Nothing Remarkable.
Kentucky School Teacher (to infant class).—"Yes, dear children, the camel can go seven days without water."
Class (in chorus).—"Is that all?"—New York Sun.

A FLUID soldering flux, a solution of rosin in a volatile solvent, has been patented in England by Mr. J. H. Watkins. It is more convenient than rosin, and is useful for any work in which that substance can be employed.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers, and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Missed a Lunch.
The Rev. E. A. Horton told a good story at the Channing Club on Tuesday evening. A special service was held at which programs were distributed. On them was printed, "Services at 10:30, collection at 12:30." The word collection was a misprint for collation, and many people missed a good lunch.—Boston Traveller.

Knows His Place.
Woman (to tramp, to whom she has given some cold potatoes).—"If you like you can step into the cowshed while you're eating them 'taters; it's rainin' so hard."

Tramp.—"Thanks, ma'am, but I'm at odds."—New York Sun.

DISC'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. (Caution.) Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, N. Y. HARRINGTON, WATER, Pa.



"August Flower"

—that's the result you want to reach. With Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, you have it. They cleanse and renovate the whole system naturally. That means that they do it thoroughly, but mildly. They're the smallest in size, but the most effective—sugar-coated, easiest to take. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured. Purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and gently laxative, or an active cathartic, according to size of dose. As a Liver Pill, they've been imitated, but never equaled.

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

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